

**Beyond the HORIZONS COME -  
SHIPS GALORE!**



**By**

**Captain Adrignon**



# **BEYOND THE HORIZONS OF YESTERYEAR COME THE SHIPS – GALORE!**

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# BEYOND THE HORIZONS OF YESTERYEAR COME THE SHIPS – GALORE!

By Captain Morfus Adrigon

Hello, you all fare-thee-well and solemn ones!

We, of the starcraft Intrepid, captained by Captain Sophram Suflus Somajar Galiac, will once again bring the White Winds around to bear 4.6 on the Richter screen, and because of this change in latitude vs. longitude for those of you who do understand us, the Beings with the heart for the people, you must know that with us first things come first, and that is **the entire weight of the civilization of historical Beings becoming ready for their homeward journey**. And now let us begin.

Seila, thank you firstly for your prompt displayal at the screen which never seems to go away and we, of the Starship Intrepid and the White Winds are forever at your disposal as you have always been at ours.

We need no time modem, but for your readers we will place upon this parchment one which fits their time line, and then we will promise ourselves to begin.

Place in time module 3 after two. We await.

August 12, 2012, 2:03 pm

Coming forth with enough dictatorial messages whilst you type, Seila, is sometimes an incredibly difficult journey. And why is this? Because in many cases the filth which surrounds your earth via your chemically laced atmosphere makes it difficult to sort out the junk from the platitudes, but nonetheless, it must be done.

All captains of all star maneuverings equip themselves with a punctuality in assisting one another, who do not yet have the capacity for vortex



traveling, find the Van Allen Belt someone of a strange feat. It is well known among our own beasties here in the heavens, your heavens, whom traipse around in star form as “the dragon,” “the ram,” and what have you, that **the time for the end of such seclusion from the brothers and sisters upon your planet of earth Angorius is near at hand.**

By this what we mean is a prompt displayal of the “removal” soon of all intergalactic starship from “being” the Big and Small Dipper” and from being large planets such as your “Venus” “Pluto” and “Artemus.”

It is fun, is it not, little people of our own hygiene, to once again be able to observe that which is in your heavens, in their own proximity no longer clouded nor shaded by those things or beliefs which, of course, are not really your own but instead belong to the lifeline of lies you have been continually fed by government scientists, whilst other of your scientist have been so cruelly put to death or locked away in insane houses for the demented, fed with brozyne enzymes through a stick with a tiny hole at the end. Ah well, such scenes never exist upon your brothers and sisters worlds, which one day many of you will in your preparation will now visit before you escape to one which is perhaps more of your fitting. What a pleasant surprise to visit so many long-lost relatives.

Many of your relatives which have for centuries reincarnated time after time upon your earth planet, which we call here in the Galactic Council, “Angorius,” are of course none other than yourselves, dearest ones, so you have grown and grown and grown until your nest egg appears to take you home for a visit, yet you will need to grow even more before you are able to retain your presence upon such earths, and therein will we of the starcraft troop place each one of you upon a planet more fitting for your continued growth.

We have enjoyed this segment, dear ones, and for your attention will we continue in feeding to the troop on your planet the necessary co-ordinates for your pickup, each one, after the time comes for your readiness at hand by yourselves.

Please clock off time element, dear Uthrania Seila, and format the text into Arial Simon print. Adieu. – Commander and Chief, Captain Adrigon. (2:42 pm)



## **A SNEAK PREVIEW AT THE WHITE WINDS by Captain Adrigon**

Hello Seila; dear ones. Let us begin. When you come aboard the ship, you will firstly notice the textures of the walls are somewhat different to what you are used to in your buildings or aeroplanes, helicopters, and submarines.

They are a glossy white, with silverish gold trim based with a light translucent maroon finish. It is quite stunning, really. In any case, looking at walls is not why you come aboard, as you all know well enough.

The crew are in light gray suits. Fashionable in the crew quarters are the benzene T.V. of a sort, the kind which watches all of you upon your earth, for signs of a rapid development of “getting you all out of there before the big rocket hits, Fahrenheit!”

In a type of tuxedo lie the dorm-mats upon the silvery and textured floor of the White Winds, and formatting the computer disks, which little resemble your own or any which you have on earth, sets the prodigal on bay until the new hour does strike its finest hour.

Down the hall is a large bay window, and from this window, unlike that of others, can you actually see what is going on on the moon which is closest to your planet. Many other planets have many moons about them, and some do live upon such moons, for their own digestive quality is one which categorizes many more lives to come, and they of all people seem to be the most satisfied of all.

Now come the height of the injury toward any old souls, and that is to find they must wait until their enjoined one joins them in the “afterlife,” so to speak, and because of their undying loyalty, many of the dear souls just prefer to wait until they are able to remake their link with their former loved one upon another earth, and rather at the same approximate time.

Well, loves, that is all for now, and we will be back with more of the same for your enthusiastic enjoyment. – Adrigon out.



Please do not forget, Seila, to place your time signature upon this page. Thank you and Good Night. (4:20 pm)

August 15, 2012, 5:12 pm

## **WORK IS REVOLUTIONARY IN ITS NATURE, by Captain Adrigon**

Well, Seila, my dear, here we are for one really quick session, for I must too be off to the latest concert on board. Next paragraph, please.

How many times have people upon your earthen body of Angorius felt it was time for a revolutionary thought which would bring them closer to a nicer time for them all? Many wished they could bring themselves closer, is that not true? Yet the majority, or many, simply do not know what to do about getting there.

The rabbit hit the sock right in the face of the public response. But then, who is that rabbit and what is that sock? Only those repulsed by the fact that porridge was not meant to be eaten with rabbit meat on the side would pour it all into the sock on the floor before putting it on. And a revolution, loves, is the same way.

We do not realize just how unappetizing revolutionary thought can be. No matter how trying it is to reach such thought and succeeding when the bolt comes down on the door and you are all locked out for yet one more long long time.

The second one finds universal reality in thought, word, or deed; that one finds others opposed to it, and that is where the rabbit meat offends the porridge of the poopers, as they are so rightly, ahem, called. Try it some day, and you will see what we mean.

So, how does all this phraseology arrange itself within the formatting of your minds? To tell the truth, it doesn't. We just thought we would leave you today with a modification of how each one of you speak, think, and



calculate that which does not even need calculating, just so you will understand that we know our business too.

Thank Reni for his ingenuous editing job of this script, and have to yourselves a Good Day.

-Captain Adrigon Morfus or the other way around for those of my friends. Smiles and adieu. Please remember to clock in time, Uthrania Seila, and be well you both. Time out. (5:24 pm)

August 16, 2012. 10:02 pm

Hello, dearest ones of my troop, Sananda at the helm up on this one little section. Then do we have Adrigon back at the controls.

Well, Farthing Point Alaska, earth planet Angorius, is just the “tip off the edge of the iceberg” so to speak, almost literally. In any case, the HAARP mission sees Russia as being attacked most unfruitably down there from the depths of the sea bed where the Americans and British “sufferers” decided to tap the ridge for oil.

That was all I wanted to say, so I will give you back to Captain of us all at this point, Adrigon, and a fare-thee-well to you all. – James Galiac Sananda over and out for this transmission. Place in time sequence for us both, please, Uthrania and Good Night. (10:08 pm)

10:08 pm

**Commander Setuth:** Captain Adrigon at the helm, master. Are you ready?  
-Setuth.

**Seila:** *Ready to go, Sir.*

**Captain Adrigon:** Well now, isn't it nice to have a clear channel tonight? No fluxes, and no complications. So the fan has not been turned on due to the weather being most nominal aboard the small dingers we are on in order to acquire an in-depth look at your planet tonight. So what should we speak on which would interest the public, Seila? How about the lethargy of the public in essence, we could say, topical study on how a starship is run.



On the Stargazer we have a crew of one hundred and twenty captains, commanders, and a staff of 16 thousand for off-shore duty. You do have a rather large planet, and if you think not, then we can assure you all from our end that is indeed the case.

Elementary is the Concord which your British used to fly, and because of the structure vs. the propulsion criteria, it never worked right to begin with. But that is their problem, and a problem none of us wish to deal with, simply due to the fact that the British Petroleum company would simply banish those hankering for war ones back onto a submarine and make more initiatives into the banking system of London, the City of, which rests all upon its own laurels, to backing a greater response from billionaires to fund their overlapping dream of military nuclear helicopters and aeroplanes, passenger, which are in fact, military weapons in disguise.

Kind of makes you want to throw up, does it not, loves? It is the brush of death which makes it a horror show, and no wonder, no passengers fly upon these death traps for the nations, for espoused upon each categorical headrest are missiles abating no more than an ounce or six, all in the interest of course of beating the “terrorists.”

Well, that is all our world news for today, and we rather like instead to stick to the topic at hand which is the goodness of our return for those of our brethren and sisters who have in all genuinely found themselves to readily partake of our good intentions toward them all, and we are most delighted in doing so.

In the morning hours, we conduct a survey of each section of the ship and tie in the dramatic foresight or magnetic field surrounding our dingers, which coordinate one with another outside of this, their mother ship, for mooring inside the station wheels which turn their gait back and forth for the displayal of lights which you see from time to time from your earth.

That is all for this section. It is getting late and we need our sleep as well as ye ones. Good Night, and tie off transmission, Seila, and thank you for your hand in all of this. Adieu. – Adrigon, Captain of the White Winds, over and out. (10:24 pm)



Well, loves, it is late, quite late where we are at, and summarily do we bid the each one of you and firm and cautious “adieu” in Africa and the southeastern continent, for we can scarcely say that we cannot be a fixated in more places than one, or we could scarcely do of our work.

Now, for a new title heading let us promptly place this ire: **We Have Seldom Ever Viewed A Night Sky So Filled With Star Lights As Seen From The Planet Jupiter.**

Please place, little one, whilst we await your signal.

## **WE HAVE SELDOM EVER VIEWED A NIGHT SKY SO FILLED WITH STAR LIGHTS AS SEEN FROM THE PLANET JUPITER**

Dear Jupiterians – they have so far been led to believe in the belief system of the Ecuadorians from the last Mars mission from the island or ship of the so-called planet, Pluto. Oh, loves, there is much to say about this epic, but we remember way back when, when the people of your Angorius earth star believed it was hilarious to watch Jupiter get hit with a vaste meteorite.

Luckily we had foreseen the disaster and evacuated the entire global side of the planet and just in time too. The meteor hit, and there were vaste holes in the earth; and the sun, rain, and the drought finally hit all at once, and though it rained first, that was the last time the sun heated up the firmament without care.

You see, little ones, whenever catastrophe occurs we are indeed there, but our hand is stayed **if** the people do not believe in our words. We can then **not** take them to safety, because if we were to allow ourselves to do so, then the people themselves may panic at where they arrived, and we must not press our free will upon others who think they wish to go to heaven to worship an estranged Being who really does not exist in the way they think he or she does.



They must grow up first, beloveds, and once they do that, then any help from us is possible, but perhaps you would be surprised to learn that many people do trust secretly in us, and therein are we able to assist them.

Good Night. We will get this done immediately where other projects such as water works for the Byas system does not take precedence. – Adrigon out. Tie off frequency please, Seila, and Adieu. (8:09 pm)

August 19, 2012, 4:00 pm

Hello all, you little ones, and welcome back to the school library of “White Winds” conglomerate! So where do we begin today but in a brand new chapter heading? Shall we call it then: “The Bastion Which Took On Promise,” due to the fact that we upon the Stargazer, our brother ship, work in a round-a-bout fashion with those of the crew of Captain Melix Somajar. Please place whilst we await your pen, Seila.

## **CHAPTER TWO**

### **THE BASTION WHICH TOOK ON PROMISE**

Good. Now, whenever starships as large as the White Winds and the Stargazer, commandeered by the famous Captain Sophram Somajar Galiac, are in the sky at the same point of reference, so to speak, almost literally they overlap in dimensional travel, and that is precisely why one can see them there and then not in sight. We are able to perform many “monstrosities” in the skies which you ones have never even heard of.

For instance, we on the Stargazer tend to illuminate all around us from the ground up to the tree line over on yonder mountain whilst not illuminating our ship so far off the ground. This is called the culinary effect, as though food with candlelight lights up spectacularly while the remainder of the room is in complete darkness.



So, for your reminder that our scientists are way ahead of your own, we give you this “misfit” in shackles which indeed does lead the way out of your cavern mentality and upward on its journey.

Foresight is an aptitude not many of you utilize, and all mores the pity when each of you need all you can get mentally in order to a little more rapidly progress upward and *onward*, as your song once dictates. Good Day, and that will be all I have time for.

Thank you, Seila, and leave off no detail of the time injuncture. Goodbye for now. – Adrigon, Captain of the elusive – Stargazer. (4:11 pm)

**Seila:** *Captain Adrigon, why do you call yourself “Captain of the Stargazer” when that is Captain Sophram’s ship and your ship is called the White Winds?*

**Adrigon:** Dear ones. I am the captain of the Stargazer from time to time whenever, both, Captain Sananda and Captain Galiac are not on board.

**Seila:** *Captain Adrigon. Thank you for clearing this up for me. Out.*

7:23 pm

At the helm again loves for just a little more insight into the workings of my ship, the Stargazer. Now, on aft, stern resembles a midriff of proximities which give way to the aft port of all extremities. And in layman’s language that is precisely to say that the Stargazer faces the eastern seaboard of the United States of America the way she sits now and resembles a fighter pilot awaiting the dredges of seaboard reality.

Now, high waves brought on by the magnetism of the moon freighter is enough of a challenge to hold back, but for us, aboard the White Winds, with both ships moving as transports through the night time hours, we of White Winds do not in foresight claim the boats in the heavens to pick up just anyone surfing, so to speak, on top of the waves. Adrigon out.

Tie off signal, so to speak, please, Uthrania Seila,. and have a Good Night. (7:27 pm)



August 21, 2012, 3:00 pm

So we are ready at last, are we not, and on time too. Please place next chapter heading as “Bulwarks in the Sea Ocean Well Off ‘Australia.’” Please place while we wait – patiently. (Smiles)

## **CHAPTER THREE**

### **BULWARKS IN THE SEA OCEAN WELL OFF ‘AUSTRALIA’**

So let us begin. Now troop, the land which you call “down under” has a glass face off in the deserted regions. Where your domes face north-north-east are your architectural sort-of buildings, and to the east and south-east is a laced-up nonchalant type-of building which visitors may not enter. It is meant as a distraction, and has in fact a visitor entrance where men and women guide the ‘visitors’ back out into the wild outback. But what we really wanted to speak to you on today, loved ones, is the great outback of decrepit ‘saucer-type’ structures, for they are not any of our ‘planes’ anyway.

These typhoid structures are made by the U.S. military for the purpose of dropping types of fungus and germs among the population of America, and those coffins they have in their concentration camps kept secret away from the public, are just for that purpose.

You see, dear ones, whenever a cause is lost with those hoary ones at the top of the disease ladder, the people become more of a threat. A billion dollars of radioactive hollow bullets are being purchased for the diseases to reign within. “Oh well” they say “who can tell what happens really when these hit?”

Dearly beloved, you must know by now that we have everything under control from our end, and Topeka, Kansas, as we last remember it called, has a lattice farm building in the midst of a corn crop, believe it or not, and this nice little farming village, unto itself at least, is actually a food harvest and stop-over place for the wandering pilgrim.



Is that not the fruit of ones desire – to help and assist those who have lost all that they reaped this lifestream due to those at the top who have ingratusously taken all they own in order to fund their own off-shore bank accounts?

Well, we know that from the top down the dung will be shaken off the corn stalks, and when that does happen then of course we could be taken home in many beautiful ways, because that is just how the Federation works, and dear ones, you are all a part and parcel of our ingenuity in ‘getting you all out of there were you are.’

-Captain Adrigon out for this portion. We will pick up later, Uthrania Seila, and Good Day.  
(3:12 pm)

4:00 pm

Right on time again, Uthrania Seila. We will finish this short debut and then you can put it on the internet.

Now, swollen waters of the fishing lakes are soon to occur due to the firmament upon other worlds, drifting far-insight from their own home. “How on earth can this happen?” you say. We tell you that when a firmament begins to dissipate in order to create another new ‘film’ for the world, the axis of the new planets who have been created will be fitted with an astronomical field barrier in order then the sun’s rays will be garnished aback of the trucking field of Andromeda. New trucking fields will be ashed over, leaving nothing less than a firmament which is alive with sun’s particles, leaving the planet encased as a haven for plants, animals, and humans.

So what has this on earth to do with Angorius, your own earthly home? Only that a firmament will not be created before it is cleansed thoroughly of all molten ash which your lava inflow-takes will cease to become fluid once more. **Your earth needs a new firmament and we will see to provide it, but NOT UNTIL YOUR PLANET IS CLEANSED OF ALL THE MOLTEN ASH AND CHEMICAL WEAPONS which you have in your arsenal on displayal.**



Place this last part on, Uthrania, with the portion above. Good Day, and you may relax on this one, loves, for we are here to take all of you, who have made yourselves ready, ON BOARD. Ashtar out. (4:07 pm)

August 22, 2012, 11:15 am

Beloved, please place "Sycamore trees in the badlands of Australia" while we wait. Captain Adrigon at the forefront on this one big blooper!

## **SYCAMORE TREES IN THE BADLANDS OF AUSTRALIA**

Now loves, just you imagine that the ships brought with them from their own homelands upon diverse earths some of their favorite fauna and ferns included which diverse themselves from the regular fern family and 'sycamore' trees, which were little less than shoots resembling 'branches' from the more larger trees found on Venus for instance, and yes, loves, **VENUS IS INHABITED QUITE WELL.**

These shoot of trees were once planted upon what is now called 'Australian outback,' and once grew as large as 64 centimeters by 4000 cm at the core outward and so the men who stood by them, the trees dwarfed those individuals. It does not however escape our attention that Australia no longer has such a finale as to their outback, and because of it the little people who reside there have dark, almost wrinkly skin.

We have seldom seen such glories in your skies over Australia as we now seem to see over the United States of America, and why is that m'loves? It is simply due to the fact that the people of the Americas need to familiarize themselves with more reality than that of which Hollywood serves them up for breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

Do remember that continents shift, beloveds, and because of it, your archaeologists will find all sorts of trees embedded in the magna layer of your earth, and you will discover fauna in areas where you thought there was none.



## STARS WILL MOVE ON DEMAND

We shift our ships in your skies also. Look for a dimming star and then that seemingly same star brightening its lights again and you will have found at least one of us. This is a most prominent display among the dippers. So sit outside one night and you will be most surprised.

Now, what we wanted to relay to you this evening (at least where we are situated at) is the number of crew members upon both, the starships Stargazer as well as the White Winds, is controlled by a legion of star members whom we know as the Legionnaires of the Federated Planets. These Legionnaires know strictly of any dangers which we in our starships might come up against, such as a flying meteorite long before it comes into our viewscreen, or the punctuating of star systems with mediocre planets still being formed with gaseous content, or even the proximity of a flying object still propelled by solar light. You may think this is high tech, as you call it, little ones, but by our standards, those ones are just beginning to learn the composition of laser lights *after* this new introduction, to them, by themselves, of solar equipment.

After all, loves, there is the infamous Van Allen Belt they must deal with, and melting their craft is about as far as they can get, but then, they in the United States have their Hollywood.

Goodness gracious, but it is time for the conference on polar shifts in Atlantis, Georgia, and no, we did not make a mistake this time on words or names.

Allow us to continue with our dialogue, and then we will proceed on with another topic. Please place on your sheet the title: "Stars Will Move on Demand" and then I will sign off on your behalf, little ones. Good Day. – Captain Adrignon out. 11:36 am

1:45 pm

**Seila:** *Captain Adrignon, can you take me now on an issue?*

**Captain Adrignon:** Indeed little one. Bring it up.

**Seila:** *You wrote: "Do remember that continents shift, beloveds, and because of it, your archaeologists will find all sorts of trees embedded in the magma layer of your earth and you will discover fauna in areas*



*where you thought there was none.” Should the “magma layer” not be the “strata layer” due to the fact that magma will burn everything in its wake?*

**Captain Adrigon:** Insist that we change it, do ye ones? Well, in fact when the magma cools it performs layer upon layer of rock sediment which we call magma layers, so where it seems that we are mistaken, we actually are correct. Thank you, and if that is all, I must get back to my own work. Thank you, loves, for bringing this up, for the public would surely like to know what I meant. Adrigon out. (1:47 pm)

August 26, 2012, 4:30 pm

Greetings to one and all! This is your officious Captain of the Skylark over here presiding over all the flock of mankind, so to speak.

My, my, but what large mouths we have, do we not? Those tendencies to speak in our name when we have not spoken, lie deep in the recesses of your so-called holy books. No matter what faith you be, it is seldom your authors which were not of our beings got much of anything right.

**And here you all go into your churches, temples, synagogues, mosques and whatever else have you, and learn next to nothing of what we strictly taught to you, our people, so many years and centuries and millennium ago, and so here you are all back again to learn that which we already taught to you when you were another name, and still, you have learned next to nothing.**

Oh my, how time passes, and when we return next with our ships a-standing guard over the masses, just how many of you will be prepared to leave your earthen planet of Angorius without once feigning fright in front of your friends and neighbours when you really did not mean it? My, my, but what little differences you are!

Solely do we come for you, and sorely do you often let us down. **Your brothers and sisters from the starships await YOUR PUNCTUALITY and wish to goodness that you would grow up spontaneously so that WE COULD GET ON WITH THE SHOW!**

Adrigon, of the key ship in the star cluster Orion. Good Day.



**Commander Jasper Alligot:** Spontaneously do we quip to you, Uthrania Seila, on behalf of Captain and Commander Adrigon who was not allowed to attend on his own behalf, this particular short session, due to the fact that he requested transfer some time ago and was required to attend to that function. Jasper Alligot, Monsieur; Captain of the frigate Starfinder is where my next location will be also.

Good Day, and thank you, Uthrania, for your dedication to this work. Captain Adrigon also sends his best wishes to both, you and Reni, as well. Though my English needs much improving, at least, it is readable. Please remember to place in time signature, please. (4:42 pm)

August 27, 2012, 4:21 pm

Captain Adrigon at the helm, little one.

**Seila:** *Thank you, and I am ready.*

Bring forth all the comfort you can toward one another, little ones of the intergalactic society, and through doing so will ye tether one another to the wayshowers of eternal positiveness. In order to grow likened to a straight branch who mocks the wind in its overall strength and effortless indignity, so shall all of you wish the best unto each other with dignity, for a branch needeth no dignity of a sorts, but each one of you ones most definitely do.

Now, what am I going on about which you do not already know? **Everything you must know or need to know about co-operating with each other in the ONENESS OF UNIFIED DIGNITY!**

Dear ones, **EVERYONE MUST** (bold please) knowingly **WORK AS THOUGH YOU WERE ONE BODY WITH MANY DIFFERENT FEATURES AND JOBS!**

This, dear ones, is how your enemies do get the best of each one of you. They work in unison. They are the bankers, the lawyers, most judges, dentists, and so on. Pick up the phone against one whom they have blacklisted and the oneness of all conspiracy goes straight to work. This is how you, the average people, have no chance whatsoever of defeating them. They own the jails, the morgues, the schools, the universities and the swimming rinks. They own you.

**But work the way they do, in the oneness of all unity like a well-organized body, AND YOU ARE UNDEFEATABLE!**



Do any of you yet understand what we are speaking about? If not, it is about time you did. Find yourselves a reason to work together, and you will know what you must do to ready yourselves to build together the paradise which you all claim to need and want.

This is no paradox, little ones. This is no such issue to be **IGNORED**, (bold please) because in order to free yourselves from the bondage of slavery, each one of you must **PERSIST** in gaining the upper hand and be not as the Palestinians who cannot turn to the right nor to the left, nor swing around to face their enemy without being shot at.

No, you, the peoples of Palestinian like-mindedness, who are being thrown out of your homes, out of jobs, and out from under any kind of safety net, only to be subjected to pepper sprays and bullets by soldiers of your own making, **MUST MAKE A DECISION and that DECISION IS TO NOT BARTER AWAY YOUR LIVELIHOOD AND HOMES BUT INSTEAD WORK TOGETHER ONE WAY, AND THAT WAY WILL FREE ALL OF YOU, INSTEAD OF GATHERING YOU INTO THE NET OF COMPETITIVE SLAVERY TO THOSE WHO HEAR YOU NOT AS THEY TURN AWAY THEIR EARS AND EYES FROM THE TROUBLE THEY HAVE CREATED FOR THE LIKES OF YOU ALL!**

Adrigon out. Must go, little one. I have created for myself just a little more work than usual. My apologies. Good Day. Please remember time sequence. Adrigon out. (4:37 pm)

4:47 pm

*Seila: Captain Adrigon. May I place into bold print all the capitalized words or not?*

**Captain Adrigon:** If it pleases your pen to do so, we have no more problem with it. In fact when I asked you to bold certain words I have done so as a light reminder to do them all. Thank you, and take care. Adrigon, Captain of the White Winds just a little bit longer. Adieu. (4:49 pm)

August 28, 2012, 10:28 am

Hello, dear ones! Dashing here and dashing there is what I am up to this fine morning southwest, southeast of your down under world of Australia. In any case, we will catch up on just a little bit of nonsense from aboard your so-called planet earth of Angorius.



You see, dear ones, we are not adrift in the heavens, but we are promptly stationed above your world far above your cloud barrier of which firmament you have very little left of. So why am I rattling on like this instead of getting down to some or another topic at hand? Because I am the next Captain of one of the greatest trophies on hand! The Intrepid Stargazer will be my home for the next little while, and because of it, Jasper Juxton, Captain of, will sub for me here on the White Winds.

Now down to brass tacks, dear ones, if you will bear with me just a little bit longer. You need not put the above in the text if you do not wish, Uthrania Seila, for we really need to get right down to work. Please place in next subject title: We Really Need The Boys and Girls DOWN THERE to Get to Work on Our Behalf.

## **WE REALLY NEED THE BOYS AND GIRLS *DOWN THERE* TO GET TO WORK ON OUR BEHALF, by Captain Adrignon**

So now we see the world as you do, little ones, and your world is in effect “one hell of a mess.” You said it – we have other words. No matter, it is important, in fact of the utmost importance for the each one of you to stenograph for yourselves on the perimeters of your buildings but not physically, that “Ye ones of the Patriot movement here in the United States as well as Europe, France, for instance, do herewith gather as one tool against the machine which drives you all like the spikes are driven, right into the ground, unable to move.”

Remember this, little ones: you *are* a well-oiled machine. You have the tools to make your machine work in a well organized manner. You are the machine which will best the system machine of which tools you are, each and every one of you.

So be your own tools to fit only your own world-wide machine, and you will see in one quick and swift time slot just HOW EFFECTIVE the each one of you is in working in coordination with the other.



**This principle we give you has been given throughout your generations a thousand times at least, but seldom is it ever put into effect.**

**You have the internet now, dear ones – so use it and use it well.**

**Game playing is off limits for those who wish a better life – for you must make for yourselves this better life, and WE KNOW THAT YOU TOGETHER IN THE ONENESS OF UNISON CAN DO IT, AND YOU CAN DO IT JUST AS WELL, IF NOT BETTER, *WHICH YOU WILL WITHOUT COMPROMISE*, THAN THOSE WHO LEACH OFF YOU AND NICKEL AND DIME YOU TO DEATH.**

Gosh! Look at the time already. I really must go Uthrania, and I wish to you all a goodly day. Keep print in all bold. Thank you and sign off for me, love. Captain Adrigon over and out, as they say down there upon your quaint little patch of “earth.” (10:54 pm)

August 29, 2012, 7:00 pm

## **CHAPTER FOUR**

Position yourself nicely at the keyboard, Uthrania, and we will get started. Captain Adrigon on board.

**Now, the high jinks of the nations is: that one and only money trick complied with all the different and diverse religions. But we all know that by now, so let us move onto something new, and that’s *how* exactly to get ourselves into designing paradise right out of, both, our front as well as back doors. We have tweeted along with the best of them, and they knew us not.**

**We had allowed our runes to be read for those who still do such backward things, and they understood us not. So we tried scribings, and this of all of our different techniques was the failsafe methodology of them all. And why was this? Because even the gullible understood the brashness and eloquent simplicity of our words, compiled with meaning.**

**So here we go again in our instruction aboard our ship, the ever elusive Stargazer, actually captained by our most elusive starship Captain and Commander, Sophram Suflus Somajar Galiac, whom many of us lovingly call “Suplex,” or for the men, “Testrus.”**



**Once an announcement has been made, “Testrus” disappears into the wide blue yonder and contacts every saucer within perimeter distance. Once the contact has been made, Testrus flies his own dinger deep into calculated space just outside of your closest firmament, or that which actually looks like a firmament and cloud coverage, over a high-up mountain range looks like a good place to begin.**

**But begin what? And no, your militaries will never find him there either (unless they have tricked themselves into believing interdimensional wavering can be theirs to understand at their own level of learning, and we can tell you, that their level of learning is of a most primary nature in comparison to what we ourselves have learned, which is far above that of the average people).**

**We are the spectrum of good manners and will never down a plane which refuses to attack us. We could twist your helicopters and fighter jets into the shape of an old brown pretzel and the pilot would never know what hit him or her for that matter.**

**No, dear ones, we are of the most principled sort, and because this is our nature, we love to have you with us, paying close attention to what we tell you, for if it does not make sense to you now, it will, guaranteed, make sense to you later.**

**When you board our ships, they will carry you to the furthest star system you have ever imagined. This is to equip you in your understanding of how large your particular universe is, and yet you will in actuality not have seen much of anything. In any case, great treats are in store for those of you who have prepared their minds and bodies (no sheets for clothes) for our arrival.**

**And do not worry in the least, for at the set time all of your earth’s inhabitants will have been notified via the telescopes in Arizona, the Bishops’ telescopes for the Catholic domain down there in Arizona, the airwaves, which by then we will control completely, and the internet will be by then no more.**



**Get control of your lives, little ones, for you have a grand tour to take aboard one of your relations' ships, for they await you with open arms and a table to feast your eyes on with diverse types of meatless foods, and you will love every minute of it.**

**Adrigon, Commanding the Stargazer for just a while longer before I pass it back onto Captain James Galiac "Sananda," as you call him still, and a fond farewell to you all.**

Adrigon out. Please remember time signature, little one, Seila, Good Night. (7:20 pm)

September 2, 2012, 11:00 am

Hello, all you dear and sweet ones of our acclaim. Captain Morfus Adrigon at your service, dear ones. Now, this day may well prove to be the day which you most understood our philosophy concerning the whaling of mammals within your seas.

We brought them here in the first place utilizing large tanks for baby whales and then lowering them down with structured steel-type netting into your seas. Some lakes espoused the tiny creatures as well and when the floods came, the type of plankton used increased with time and the small creatures gained in strength and size, and therefore became your "whales," monstrous to view and wonderful to behold.

Now, your whaling ships are a bit different than that which we did see of ourselves to portray in pictures of ships bearing special plankton together with the whaling boats of our era. But strictly did we never hurt the giant creatures, which were much smaller in our day, as your whaling ships, used for unbecoming means, tear off the very flesh of these creatures from Venus, and we are most distressed with those who do so.

What monstrosity to hurt and subject these beautiful creatures to a life of fear and such extreme pain! There is nothing which grows in the sea which cannot be had upon the solid footing of your mother Angorius, earth. And why is this, dear ones? Think! This is because the land of tidal waves was



once under the oceanic water itself, so why would the same DNA, helix structure not be in relation to that which is alive under your earth? I did say “under your earth” re: underground, in reference to your dna-helix plankton under the oceanic waters today. So no mix-up there.

In relation to all we have stated we must now side back with our own good ambitions and save as many of these poor downtrodden mammals ourselves, ***AS YOU DO NOT EVEN KNOW HOW TO LOOK AFTER THEM, MUCH LESS LOOK AFTER A ONE OF YOURSELVES! Good Day!***

Morfus Adrigon, Captain of the Stargazer for just a little bit longer. Juxton then residing at the helm in case I must go earlier.

Thank you, Seila, for my instruction being printed upon electronic parchment and have of yourselves all, dear ones of our ilk, a very good and fulfilling day. Clock of time and Adrigon, **out.** (11:12 am)

September 5, 2012, 3:55 pm

Well love, and loves, here were are again for another rather short session. But just because the session is short of ourselves does not mean it is any less viable to the each of you. So...uhm, excuse me...let us begin with once again a short chapter title being: ‘The ones at the top need to relate to the ones at the bottom - but never do.’ Similarly, do the ones at the bottom need to not exasperate the ones at the top of what we would all call as “the dung heap.”

Now for the chapter title, for that was not it:

Eveningtide comes around but once in a millennium. Please place, Seila, whilst we await your command for back at the keyboard with us. Adrigon on stand-by.

## **EVENINGTIDE COMES AROUND BUT ONCE IN A MILLENNIUM**

Eveningtide comes around but once in a millennium, dear ones, and because it does, you had BETTER BE READY FOR LIFT-OFF!

So, in saying that which we have said a-plenty anyhow, it is now time for the planes, or star planes adrift, to severely count down the minutes, hours, and seconds until the time to pick you, who are ready, and who are not afraid at the sight of us, UP, UP, AND EVEN FURTHER UP!



Now, the nicety of all this evacuationary preparedness is due to a longing to see the each of ye prepared ones in a state of happy gladness, as you witness each of your own level of accomplishment was due to your paying close attention to our teachings.

Oh, you will know when the time is ripe, and the season is upon you, for you will turn on 'Your Tube' and find us there. The other 'tube,' your television, will be monitored by that time, and as quick as you know it, by we ones, and then the rest of your computers will become evasive to you, as one by one we shut them down in order that any replicating of our words with the design to change the context or text of any of our writings to you, this day or any other day or time, will not be able to manufacture itself, and therein protecting the each of you from even more subtle or even unsubtle lesions.

So what we are saying to you, is simply this: Your text messaging machines will be all gung-ho for as long as the stripend covert-agencies do not tamper with our words - **but** the moment that does appear to happen, dear one - is the time that WE WILL SHUT THEM DOWN!

Good Day, and good luck, as they say on your world. But it will not be *you* who will need it, **it will BE THEM.**

Bold last segment, please, Uthrania Seila, and tie off channel frequency for us, and **Adieu** to those in the north who are so trying their little hearts out for a new beginning of their own. (4:11 pm)

5:02 pm

In addition to the above many of you must be wondering if we have all lost our minds when we speak of taking off our words from your internet, but we can assure the each one of you that WE HAVE NOT!

In fact, the repetitious layout of our scheme is to not only hold the each of you responsible for your own deeds of whether you come or not with us and our ships, but will ferment the congregation of the earth into more of a faretheewell to their brothers and sisters of the craft who decide to wait for a savior of their particular religion, more of a non-nonsense affair, and therein let us go.



How ridiculous this whole scene will then become, for we have long told each one of ye in each and every successive lifestream that we indeed are your saviours, whether we command one ship or a multitude, and most of you recognized us not at all.

Safe traveling upon your earthen sphere, and we will see you all much later in your own time equivalent not to ours.

Commander in Chief Captain Adrigon. Good Night. Tie off transmission, please. (5:08 pm)

September 9, 2012, 10:36 am

Hello Seila, dear ones all. This is your Captain of the Stargazer, the one and only called as 'elusive,' Sophram Suflus Galiac. Now, it is an honour to meet all of you, as we have been informed at this time that the earth is in severe trouble, and we are on site.

For an entry into the world affairs at large is the statement that we, of the 'echelon' up in your skies today, have the technology to keep those 'bad old' meteorites away from further shaking up your earths atmosphere and body.

We did more for Jupiter than you could have ever imagined, and I came on site just to fill you, the people of this planet earth, Angorius, in.

First of all, Jupiter has had cloudless skies for more than a century. The firmament around Jupiter was taken away when the cloudless entry of the polar shift left most of the waters away in the direction of Pluto, but that is another story as yet. Now, on Jupiter's fine sodden surface, the side which was hit by the giant cratorial meteorite, one so large we could not redirect it, the moons shifted their own orbit and began circling another red planet, and that was Mars.

Mars is not really red at all, it was nuclear waste which gave it that haze for quite some time, but it has almost completely cleared up now, so life will



once again permeate from the soil just as soon as we design a new body of earth for portions of that planet, and see what can be done.

We will determinedly not allow any craft of any sort near Mars at this time, and certainly not any warfaring people. We watch what they do upon your own planet, and so we do not allow them within a range of your 150 miles toward any planet surface they may one day be able to reach.

What Mars is experiencing now is nuclear fallout, and normally we would just section off such a planet to save others the folly of extreme radiation, worse even than that of the great Van Allen Belt, which your astronauts have never come close to, much less penetrated. That much is obvious, and we hear your 'Hollywood' had impressed on many of you that they actually went to the Moon, and then robotics upon Mars. Fascinating theory, but totally unworkable.

This does not mean that your scientists have made absolutely no strides in aerodynamics, but there are certain elements which they have still in their shops and labs to eliminate the dangers to.

Now, back to Mars and Jupiter. Usually, as I have already stated, Mars would be an exemplary example of a planet we would section off due to the fact that it is radiation inhibited from the front to the back, as we say. You would say from the outside-in.

Within Mars however is a core station, and only the unlucky, but willing, work there. You see, dear friends, not all starships are fueled, we could say, with gravitational pull 'magnetism' rolling on the waves of the ether, in other words, but are fueled by coal-wind, draught, and the waves of the temper, which we term in our words as 'categorized' by element of gas, oil, and temper.

Temper is a sort of mix between the end-coal draught and gasoline. So the ships fly into the surface as they do on your earthen world, Angorius, and through the unseen hole they descend and fill up. There is a core tunnel which is also protected by a base leverage, and that spokes the ship down through a heavily guarded and censored vortex which eliminates the need



for spectrum bounty, which simply, in layman's terms, means eliminates the further need to protect each descending ship from radiation burns.

Your earth, Angorius, also bespeaks of a soul of its own, and the Mid-Atlantic ocean sees a bottomless pit, so to speak, which guarantees small ships, we call skiffs or dingers, into entering at an angle which decreases the turbulence and 'dives' deeply into the waters to float through the barometric pressure of clouds deep inside your earth.

Brown mountains descend and clouds are seen as far up as your skies. But you cannot descend yourselves without the proper aerodynamics, and that is why your scientists of themselves have a difficult time in finding the relation to the earth's core and the ships' entry and ascension. Just a little note for the interested parties.

In any case, we are making Mars therefore into a test ground to see if nuclear waste can be modified by inserting a composite soil made up of components which could neutralize, in a way, the damage the waste has made of the earth. If we could make strides in this project from Artlus2, then we could help in saving your earth as well.

Well, we certainly hope so, for we have among the Federation many such good and useful projects which we are sure some of the many unwarring and good scientists of your own realm, or world, would love to assist us in, placing their brains alongside of ours.

Well, don't feel so badly, friends of ours, because we can still send to you the information, but unfortunately until your globe is cleaned up of those ones who love to misuse what we give to you for their own gain, there is not much more that we are willing to do.

Captivation of 'space aliens' is a no-no, and though they will not tell you they captivate humans which look or resemble themselves in every shape and form, we are listening telepathically to all those whom they injure, and because of it their life spans will come to an end.



It is not advisable to injure any of our people with hatred for the good we do, because we will one day not deal lightly with such mindsets.

And for the good we do, we will continue on into another world, and then another for those good and dear ones who respect us for all we offer, and therein joining the Federation of all Unified and Dearly Beloved Planets.

I have been happy to meet of your acquaintance, dear friends, but now I must be back to my duties.

Thank you Seila, my love, and off I go to Angorius 3, Subsection 4. Sophram Galiac out. End transcript.  
(11:01 am)

September 13, 2012, 2:00 pm

Hello, all you dear ones. We will start just a few minutes early today.

Well, what have we all covered that you need not know more about of the here and now? Let me see, now..... our next subtitle heading should be about the skies and those within it, whose only mission at this time is to not only prepare the people for lift-off, but whose design it is to ensure the landing spaces be large enough around city perimeters, and of that we have mapped out just enough landing space around Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Chicago, and Birmingham, as well as Louisiana, Kentucky, and Broadville, Saskatchewan, and Tucsonville, Ontario. There now, that is a quiet seven places with one amissing on our "Broadband" show of star lights, very, and not so very high up.

Amusing is it not, to have places joined together which may not even fit upon your own mapping selection. But we do know what we are talking about, and the more we confuse the elders at the top of your global express to nowhere, the sooner we may come and round them all up for evacuation themselves, to 'God knows where,' and we most certainly do.

The rest of you will enter a similar atmosphere with a most similar peoples to live among; houses already prepared for you until such time as you are allotted land and build your own houses to your design.



Some of you will be relocated upon already-made paradisiacal worlds, though not at extremely high levels, and when you see your skies darken over New York in particular, you will see Staten Island dissolve under the waters; the widening, thickening waves will shudder the buildings under, and evacuation will have long ago commenced for those special Beings who have made themselves ready.

New York Island will be thrown under the waves, but not before evacuation takes place for those who think they should indeed indulge in their own forfeited paradise, and we will surely take some of them to the places where they most deserve to be.

Many will be rounded up and placed in the camps they had designed for others, but that part will be none of our business; so get your gear ready, beloveds, and **SHIPS AHOY!** Bold that please, Uthrania, because **up from the clouds our ships darken your skies, and when they do, the most magnificent FOURTH OF JULY will have taken place, and the SPLENDOR for all to see will shine forth.**

Clock off time perimeter frequency, love, and we will see you all back at the farming community where all the good and trustful people may then relax. Good Day. Commander and Captain Adrigon back at the helm of my own ship for a spell, the White Winds Intrepid. Good Day. 2:03 pm

September 26, 2012, 2:00 pm

Captain Adrigon at the helm.

**Seila:** *I am at the keyboard, Commander.*

Good! Hello, Seila and Sananda's troop, we gauge today to be a period of 'reckoning' for all those fine souls who have been sent to their early 'death,' so to speak, in evacuating their bodies just a little too way too soon.

We not only speak of the Middle Eastern ones who have had their countries so brutally invaded, but no, we also bespeak of the ones, those soldiers who were so grievously lied to and lied about to the source structure of the grievous ones who have been invaded and occupied.



For many soldiers out of NATO and the United States, with Canada tied in there somewhere, were told grievous untruths to get them to 'cooperate' with the fish in the sea and their nuclear weapons just located outside in the waters of Iran.

Goodness gracious, little ones, but at Farthing point, Alaska, one of our secret bases in the Arctic ocean, we have at our disposal just enough nuclear weapons to attack the entire consensus of world diphtheria, and because that is so, they are just a little more confused, therefore cautious of our alignment with the stars.

So, all we are saying here is that the time and events near whereby the mission will not be failed in the long run, and the butts of the guns will fall silent for good, and the missionaries will begin to gather and stand in line for to hear the real good news coming down from our star-bases upon otherwise-thought-of planets, one called 'Jerusalem-from-on-high,' for the one upon your earth has been so tainted with blood and a spectacle of foresight whereby martyrs were sent to prison or to their deaths, that any practicality which would see your earthly place of worship for the religions is just something which we would just as soon forget.

Dear ones, we are sick and tired, and we are fed up to the teeth how people continue in gathering around mosques, synagogues, and churches, leaving the temple worship out, and plying us with all sort of memorandum of promises of which not one can you possibly keep.

So instead of wasting all your precious time killing one another, just **look up, watch for us and listen to our words!** Reading will flourish the mind, and the principle made up of our gravitational pull toward rescuing those who so aptly deserve it and have so aptly prepared will continue in another lifestream upon another world high up, as you say, in your skies. (However, there actually is no "high up" for all is relevant depending upon where you live).

For those who still have not arrived at a conclusion yet, and whom remain still upon the face of the earthen plane called Angorius, we strongly suggest that martyrdom await just a little bit longer until lift-off is yours,



respectively, due to the fact that we will wait not much longer for the final event.

Do as you will, but do not say you martyrdom because of us, for we would never ask of such a thing.

Commander and Captain Adrighon out for a respite. Good Day, Seila, to the both of you, and Au revoir! (2:11 pm)

September 27, 2012, 11:23 am

**Captain Jlincks:** Good Morning, dear ones, one and all. This is your Captain of the “Sputnik,” of-a-sorts, speaking. You see, we give names through telepathic communications to those of our people who wish to bring about good and positive change to the world around them. Captain Adrighon now wishes to address the each one of you, and so have of yourselves a goodly a prosperous day. – Captain Jlincks.

**Captain Morfus Adrighon:** A fare-thee-well to your own Angorius earth planet soon, for many of you who decide to trek out on your own cognizance to come to Farthing Point in Alaska, and we do so encourage the each of you who wish to acclimatize yourselves to the winters there, that you bring both parka as well as snow boots built way up past the knee. Snowshoes are a must because where you are going, the heat will dissipate immensely into the far bottoms of the sea bed where rustic boats lie, and our starships go from point A to point B, and the Antarctic will be your snow shoe paradox, and when we get there, we will show you ones just why.

Now, for the rest of you we are going to shut this book or writing down, for it is time for you to nestle in to another goodly book of ours and pretend you are already there. ‘Escape to Paradise’ by our brother and most officious Captain of them all, your ‘Lord’ Sananda, whom we know by his new name, Captain James Galiac Sananda.

Good Day, and please do not try those of you who ‘escape’ to the colder regions of our design within the hole in the ground, which your satellites



cannot see, to fully understand all we are telling you, for the button on the top of the hat will be fully disclosed at the time of our choosing.

Adieu and out, your Captain of the White Winds, greatest floating library in the galaxy, Captain Morfus Adrignon.

Clock out time perimeters please, Seila, and have of yourselves a great day. Put in chapter title headings where appropriate, for they mean more to you than to us. Salu. (11:54 pm).

\* \* \*

## **BEYOND THE HORIZONS OF YESTERYEAR COME THE SHIPS – GALORE!**

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